

HARRASSED CAPTIVE'S GRUELING ORDEALS

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WHOLESALE BOOK CORPORATION

48 East 21st Street

New York, New York 10010

HARRASSED CAPTIVE'S GRUELING ORDEALS

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HARRASSED CAPTIVE'S GRUELING ORDEALS

It was a pine-walled room. A study. It was occupied by two other women--both beautiful. Both striking a vivid contrast in their respective positions. The older of the two captors sat at a desk. She was perhaps 24, dark-haired, compelling in her beauty.

She was forceful by the set of her lips. The deep green eyes surveyed her bound companion now, half amused, half maliciously. Julie Anders felt a cold chill run up her spine that warned Julie that she was in for a hard time.

The girl presented a strange and beautiful picture in the quiet room. She was perhaps a few years younger than the other. Blonde-haired and dark-eyed, she stood erect. Her head held high in anger, the perfection of her exquisite figure revealed in satin bra and lace panties. The younger girl's neck was snugly circled by a wooden neck stock, joined by a chain.

Her slender wrists were similarly confined and held in wooden handstocks, locked with a hasp. She stood defiantly in the twentieth century room--the classic picture of a modern slave girl. Then the older of the two captors spoke:-



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"We were wise to you from the start, Julie. When you answered our ad, we already knew the Bureau had sent you here to learn what you could about Madame Orloff's dealings with our Group. When you indicated willingness to be chained and bound to gratify her quaint notions of amusement, even though the pay was not very high, we knew for sure. So we let the other girls go and kept you."

She smiled with evident enjoyment and continued, "It looks as though the clever and beautiful Miss Julie Anders has got herself into something she can't get out of."

The captive girl's voice was taut with emotion. Her fingers searched at the wooden stocks that pinioned her wrists and she screamed:- "Take these things off me! You must be crazy to think that you can get away with keeping me prisoner!"

"Not crazy, Julie. Just reflect a moment. The Bureau does not expect to hear from you until your work here is done. They want you here until Madame Orloff goes. So do we. She likes pretty girls in chains. We want to please her. And we are going to--with you. Your precious Bureau will think that you are





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hard at work here spying on us. But instead, you are going to be an obedient little slave girl until the time when Madame Orloff and our group have concluded negotiations. "

"Then," she continued, "we shall all quietly disappear, leaving you chained up, somewhere on the premises--a sadder, a wiser girl. I expect that you'll be a little sore in spots, too. Maybe if you are a little contrite by then, we will post The Bureau a card so they can come and pick you up a day or two after we are safely out of the country."

Julie stamped one pretty high-heeled foot so that the stocks jangled. "What on earth makes you suppose that I am going to be obedient?" she said.

Her captor smiled: "It does not really matter whether you are or not. But there are punishments for disobedience, so I naturally suppose that you'll be sensible....."

Julie's mind was now in a turmoil. Bitterly she realized how she had been trapped. How neatly her captors had diverted her efforts to their own advantage. This beautiful woman facing her across the desk, whom she knew only as Sandra Morel, was right.





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Julie was trapped. The weight of the shackles that pinioned her was a grim reminder of helplessness and a quite a new status in life. Julie Anders had now become a slave girl. A plaything for this under-cover group to use, perhaps as a bribe, to please the cruel Madame Orloff, the mystery woman who found great enjoyment in the sight of a damsel in distress.

Sandra had told Julie that the Madame had asked for "the so beautiful Miss Anders--she will look ravishing in chains and stringent bondage." Sandra broke in upon Julie's disquieting reflections and said: "We may as well start you on your duties immediately."

Sandra grinned impishly at her own choice of words. "We have dungeons here and all sorts of nice grim cages and equipment to make life miserable for you. But you may not see much of them if you behave yourself."

When Julie protested, Sandra slapped her hard on her unprotected face. July winced and Sandra continued: "Your working hours will probably be mainly spent in Madame Orloff's suite. Your function there will be ornamental. I suppose you will really be a live statue. Then, picking up a hairbrush, Sandra gave Julie a few



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hard wacks to insure her compulsion. She ordered Julie: 'Come along, I'll have my aide, Janet, fix the neck stocks and leg manacles so that you can hobble along without tripping, yet hamper you from trying to run away.'

Julie's face colored hotly with shame and anger, as she followed her new Mistress. The fetters on her ankles made a not unmusical clinking as she took short hobbled steps in an effort to keep pace.

Julie considered revolt but deemed it wiser to discover what lay in wait first. Perhaps, in spite of her captivity, she might yet learn something of value to the Bureau.

Sandra wasted no time and guided Julie into what appeared to be a bedroom. She turned Julie over to another girl, whom she called Madame Orloff. She picked up two loops of soft leather from a table, where they lay in readiness.

"Hold out your legs," she ordered. Julie saw now that it was a copy of a leather chastity belt. Again Julie blushed hotly as she offered her already chained hands and held them limply in front of her with the links dangling in a loop, as Madame Orloff knotted the leather bands





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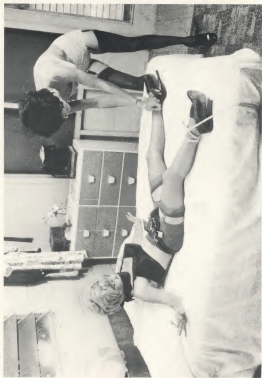
snugly below the thighs. Then Madame directed her: "Up on that bed--back against the pillows."

With difficulty and some help, Julie managed to obey. "Up with your hands. High up," Madame Orloff demanded, as she climbed a chair close by and busied herself with the adjustment and tightening on the soft leather about Julie's waist and thighs.

The captive girl found herself lying back on the bed with her hands held outstretched as far as she could reach and fastened there by the bondage about her wrists, which drew her hands as far apart as the rope would allow.

She stood and looked at Julie speculatively. Then, without a word of warning, she grasped Julie's ankle and pulled it away from beneath the poor girl's feet, binding it tightly to the bedspring under the mattress. Julie gasped in pure agony, as she found her feet outstretched against the bed. Her full weight was supported only by the bonds about her wrists.

Her feet, no matter how she strained, remained several lengths apart, each pulling taut so that she could not move her legs without putting a great strain on them. Then Madame Orloff stood and surveyed her handiwork, saying:-





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"Hurt?" she queried nonchalantly. "Oh, please!" Julie's voice was pure pleading. "Let me down. I can't stand this!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to stand it. There's nothing you can do about it. Is there?" Her Mistress's voice was still amused and quite casual. "But don't fret if it hurts a bit. You make quite a beautiful picture, lying there penitent and punished in your chastity belt. The position shows off that fine slender figure of yours to full advantage."

She consulted her wrist watch and said, "I'm going to leave you now. Be sure and wait for me to come back," Madame Orloff teased as she left the room, leaving Julie in great misery. With this last taunt she was gone.

Miserably and fearfully, Julie assessed her plight. She was being held helpless against the bed by her strained arms and prisoned legs. A few tentative attempts proved that struggling only added to the pain. Her fetters were still bound about her wrists and ankles. But they no longer counted. It was the chastity belt about her waist and thighs that held her taut and chafed.



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She realized that she had no hope of gaining freedom by her own efforts. She wondered how long she could bear the pain. How long would they leave her like this? Madame Orloff had said minutes, but to Julie's pain-wracked mind it seemed hours before the door opened and she entered.

Even in her agony she knew surprise. In Madame Orloff's hands was a rubber diving costume, complete with rubber foot flippers, also a head harness of straps with a rubber ball on a strap to be used as a gag.

Julie felt like screaming but the cloth gag in her mouth prevented her. It was too much. To be hung up in bondage and treated like an undesirable guest--it was too incongruous. If it had not been for the pain, she might have wondered if she was dreaming.

But there was only one need in her mind right then. She voiced it when Madame Orloff removed the cloth gag bound over her mouth:-- "Please, Madame Orloff. Could I be let down now? I'm in terrible pain."

Madame Orloff gave her a wry little smile of comiseration:-- "But of course it hurts! My poor little Julie! So few good things in life



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come without some pain. How much I wish you could see yourself as I see you now. You are so very beautiful in your bonds."

Despite herself, Julie's determination broke. She burst into tears. Her lovely head hung against one strained arm and the salty drops coursed one by one down her cheeks.

"Oh, please....." Julie sobbed, "Please, please, please....."

Madame Orloff's voice was quite matter of fact:- "Tears are not part of your duties, Miss Anders. I am disappointed in you. Tears are punishable, you know. Mrs. Morel would not approve. But I am inclined to believe that this first test has been unduly severe. The poses we arranged for you will sometimes be quite easy. Let me demonstrate."

With deft sure motions, she released the sobbing girl. To have the firm floor beneath her feet again, felt like Heaven to Julie. Thankfully, she dried her tears with the handkerchief that Madame Orloff provided. Julie made a pretty picture standing forlornly and dejectedly, awaiting her next bondage ordeal, which was not long in coming.



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Madame Orloff's touch upon her arm was firm as she guided Julie to a rattan sofa set in the center of the room. Beyond it was a desk littered with papers. Julie scarcely had time to note the grim objects hanging from the column before Madame Orloff had positioned her with her stomach to it and facing the desk.

The rubber outfit was then placed on her body, causing her to perspire profusely. In brief seconds, she felt a smooth leather head-harness encircle her slender neck and head. It was fastened snugly with a decisive little click.

Next her narrow waist was similarly confined with another strap. Then other ropes were bound about her wrists behind Julie's back. Madame Orloff sauntered towards the desk and sitting at it, facing Julie, she grinned quizzically.

"Well?" she asked. Again Julie was conscious of a blush. She tried to move and was unable to do so because her legs were bound together, as well as being encased in rubber. She found that she no longer possessed much freedom. The new fetters about her waist and elbows drew taut and checked her.



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Testing she found that she was held to the sofa by ropes so short that she must lie flat without movement. She could not turn. Julie had no choice but to lie there and face this woman who she knew to be an enemy, as she dealt out arduous and cruel ordeals in order to see her victims squirm in misery and woe.

Madame Orloff nonchalantly engaged herself with her papers. She seemed to have a good deal to attend to. But often, as she worked, she raised her gaze and let her eyes dwell with evident enjoyment on the helpless beauty of the girl who lay captive before her in her rubber costume.

The knowledge that she was indeed held in a pose not of her choosing did nothing to abate Julie's hatred of Madame Orloff. She stood and fumed inwardly at her complete helplessness.

It was most uncomfortable and extremely warm wearing the rubber costume, which constricted her body and held in the body heat. All Julie could do was to stare helplessly at her captor and await her further pleasure in bondage poses. Julie hoped that Madame Orloff would not wait too long, as she was barely



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able to stay in the present pose. She remembered Sandra's description of being a "living statue." This bondage, on the sofa in her rubber outfit, fastening her youthful femininity made her just that.

At last Madame Orloff relented and gave orders to Cindy, her aide, to release Julie and after a short rest to bind her up again. Julie was grateful for her release from the torment on the sofa. She stood quietly in her bonds and accepted the Madame's searching eyes without complaint.

It seemed that the contrite and docile slave maiden was the role expected of her. Poor Julie had to stand in her bondage for an hour before Cindy made an appearance and began to release her. Cindy seemed angry.

"Cute little fox, aren't you? Tears, I suppose. Yes, I can see the traces. Well, young lady, we'll give you something to cry about." Julie was then fed and washed and groomed by Cindy. But through it all, she was forced to wear the wrist bondage and ankle chains that now had almost become a part of her. Then Cindy figured that Julie had sufficient rest and was ready to be placed in another bondage pose.





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"Please sit in that chair, Julie," Cindy ordered and Julie sat down reluctantly. With much squirming and wriggling, Julie contrived to get her chained legs over the side and ease herself into the position requested. Cindy then bound Julie's wrists to the arms of a rattan chair.

No sooner had Julie leaned back so that the back of her neck was resting on the back seat pillow than Cindy deftly fitted a white cloth gag over Julie's mouth. Next came Julie's ankles, which were tied with rope replacing the chains for a most welcome change.

Julie's body was tied tightly to the chair so that it was hard to move or squirm around. Her wriggling annoyed Cindy, who then hit Julie's buttocks quite severely with a paddle. Julie had never felt more helpless or more humiliated in her life.

She never thought that she would have to suffer so much when she had applied for the job in order to meet Madame Orloff. Julie was now beginning to ache all over from the paddling being administered to her posterior by Cindy. Then she was left alone. The door was slammed and the bolt shut. Then silence.





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Julie knew that she had been "put to bed." She was quite alone with her thoughts. She tried to loosen the ropes that held her fast to the chair but her efforts were in vain. The ropes held her fast to the chair. Tentatively she explored her plight.

She could move very little. Her ankle and wrist ropes rubbed against the wood leg but did not give. She could move her arms and legs only a trifle, which eased her strain only slightly. But to no advantage. Her body could move but little, for her strained position gave her no choice but to sit upright.

Grimly she surveyed the hours of tight bondage ahead. She supposed this was Cindy's punishment for trying to loosen her bonds that kept her tied to the rattan chair. Julie was forced to remain in her arduous bondage position for the rest of the night.

The night passed and she even managed a moderate amount of sleep. The next morning, Madame Orloff had to help Julie from the chair when she released her. Poor Julie was terribly stiff from her ordeal. However, she was given no respite. After breakfast Julie was taken to Madame Orloff's room and fastened





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to a window frame. Only her panties were changed and this time it was Madame Orloff who tied the ropes tightly.

Julie realized with apprehension that the bondage about her body was different from the one that had fastened her the day before. "You will be here for the day," Madame Orloff informed her. "Just so you don't get bored standing here, I'm going to give you something to remember."

So saying, the Madame produced a hairbrush and began whacking Julie with it. "Let's see if you can take some chastisement without bursting into tears again," Madame Orloff told Julie. The hairbrush stung Julie as it hit her buttocks but remembering the Madame's warning, she kept back the tears.

Miserably Julie did as she was bid. The gag had now become a part of her, just as all the other ropes had. She held back the tears welling up in her eyes. She did not want to get added whacks of the hairbrush. The harsh hairbrush had made her buttocks sore and red and she did not wish to infuriate Madame Orloff any more. Standing upright, bound to the window frame, was beginning to give her much strain and pain.





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No amount of wriggling and squirming could loosen Julie's bonds and ease the strain of the ropes on her wrists and ankles. Then Madame Orloff decided to hang a heavy ball weight around her neck, which Julie had to support on her arms to ease the strain.

The heavy ball that she was forced to hold exasperated her almost beyond endurance. It got heavier and heavier as time wore on. She experimented with every way of handling it that she could devise. There were not many, for her bondage restricted almost all movement.

In the end, she simply held it on her elbow in front of her. She longed to drop it. But if she did, the weight on her neck would be more than she could bear. Madame Orloff expressed gratification with what she described as, "The so strained and pathetic pose."

The Madame worked at her desk most of the afternoon. Julie simply stood before her and held the tormenting weight, conscious of her eyes often upon her. They were enigmatic eyes. She could not fathom them. Her day passed slowly. She longed only for release from the nagging strain of the metal sphere and its chain locked to her neck.



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Julie was quite miserable and was very exhausted when Cindy came to change her bondage and to give her some much needed rest. She sank down to the floor and made believe that her arms were too cramped from holding onto the ball weight to put on the fresh lingerie that Cindy gave her to replace her sweat-stained lingerie.

Julie asked Cindy to help her as she could barely lift up her arms to hook the bra in the back. Unsuspectingly, Cindy went in back of Julie to obligingly hook Julie's bra, not knowing that this was just a ruse on Julie's part to catch Cindy off guard.

Before Cindy realized that Julie was feigning helplessness, Julie had clasped her free arm around Cindy in a choking headlock hold. Cindy, however, put up a game but losing battle against Julie's firm choke hold and finally succumbed into unconsciousness as Julie applied further pressure on the hold around Cindy's neck.

Before Cindy could regain consciousness again, Julie hooked her own bra and began binding Cindy to the rattan chair in which Cindy had bound her the day before. Julie bound



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Cindy's left wrist to the upper part of the arm rest of the chair and then tied Cindy's right wrist to the lower rung and leg of the rattan chair.

Next she slipped a gag between Cindy's teeth, pulling it tight against Cindy's tongue, so that Madame Orloff's aide could not utter a cry for help. Cindy began to struggle valiantly against her bonds but her efforts were to no avail. She could not break the ropes. Then Julie tied Cindy's bound ankles to the upper arm rest of the chair.

It was now Cindy's turn to wriggle and squirm in tight bondage, now that Julie had her in her power in the locked room. Even if she could cry out, neither Madame Orloff nor Sandra would pay much attention, as they would think that it was Cindy having fun with their captive.

Julie was determined to get even with Cindy for the hard spanking that Cindy had administered to her in order to break her spirit. Julie wanted to humiliate and hurt Cindy as much as she had when Julie was in Cindy's power. She looked around and saw the wooden paddle. She picked it up to give Cindy a well-deserved chastisement with it.







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Cindy did not like the idea of being spanked as it was most humiliating to her to be chastised by her former captive. Julie did not spare the paddle and Cindy winced with pain and anger every time the paddle landed on her unprotected buttocks.

It was now Julie's turn to enjoy the discomfort of her former captor and it was sweet revenge for her to see Cindy cringe and squirm every time that she saw the paddle descending. This reminded Cindy that those who dished it out should be able to take it when the shoe is on the other foot.

Cindy was in no position to avoid the blows of the paddle that Julie rained down on her posterior. She was beginning to feel as if her body was turning black and blue from the repeated blows of the paddle. Cindy's eyes roamed the room, hoping in vain for someone to hear the noise of the paddling and to come to her rescue.

Unfortunately, no one paid any heed to the noise of the spanking and Cindy's hopes were dashed. Her eyes pleaded silently and fervently with Julie to ease up on the paddling and at last Julie relented and stopped spanking her with the paddle.





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Julie left Cindy alone in the room, tied up securely to the rattan chair, while she sneaked out into Madame Orloff's room to see if she could find something of value in the Madame's desk. Much to her delight, Julie came across some very interesting documents, which the Madame had indiscreetly left in a top drawer and these were quite valuable to Julie.

These documents were the very thing that Julie had been seeking when she had answered the ad in the paper to work for Madame Orloff. They proved that she was the link to the enemies of Julie's country and they would be of great interest to Julie's superiors.

She stuffed the papers into her well-filled bra and they were out of sight. No doubt, Madame Orloff had been careless because she had not thought that the courageous agent would ever free herself from the stringent bondage that Cindy or Sandra had placed Julie into.

Julie was conscious that she was still in great danger if she did not find a weapon for defense in case she was interrupted during her search. Fortunately, she was able to find a small foreign make gun in Madame Orloff's desk. This gave Julie enough sense of security



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to try and capture her former captors, one by one. She realized with a sense of pride that she had come across the very thing that she had come here to find.

Now she had to make good her escape with the precious documents or just finding the papers would prove to be futile. Good fortune was with Julie for just then Madame Orloff came into the room, not knowing that Julie had her precious papers concealed in her ample bosom. She stopped in surprise and a look of dismay came over her startled face as she closed the door and discovered her former captive facing her with a gun in her hand.

Pointing the gun at Madame Orloff, Julie commanded, "Don't make a move or yell for help or those will be the last words you'll ever speak. Take off your dress and throw it on that chair in back of you. Make just one false move and the Bureau's file on you will be closed."

Speaking in a low voice so that her commands would not reach others who might be within hearing distance of Madame's room, Julie commanded her captive to walk into the nearby kitchen.



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Julie ordered her to lie down on the kitchen sink cabinet and then busied herself in binding her prisoner. This Madame Orloff did reluctantly, a look of terror in her eyes as she gasped in dismay when she realized that Julie was going to bind her to the kitchen sink.

Julie enjoyed her new role of domination over her country's enemy and she knew now that with Madame Orloff out of the way, she could make good her break for freedom. Her heart was full of hope, now that she had the leader in her power. Dismally, Madame Orloff did as she was bid, now that Julie was in full control of the situation. The Madame did not relish having Julie shot her for disobeying one of her commands.

Gathering Madame Orloff's long pony-tail hair-do, Julie knotted the end of a rope around it and then attached the other end of the rope around a steel curtain rod affixed to the kitchen window.

This tying of Madame Orloff's hair like that meant that if the Madame was not careful and pulled too hard on the rope attached to the curtain rod, she would pull out her hair by its roots!





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This was one problem of Madame Orloff and she surely did not want this to happen to her. Madame Orloff then opened her mouth to scream for Sandra to come to her aid, but Julie had anticipated this move on the Madame's part and had stuffed a cloth scarf deep into Madame Orloff's mouth.

This gag stifled all speech on the Madame's part, muffling all sounds from then on. It was enough to get Madame Orloff raving mad at her former captive, who was now dominating her.

"Just for this insubordination," Julie warned Madame Orloff, "I'm going to stuff this scarf much deeper into your mouth, so that there will be no further protests or outcries on your part. Now I'm going to leave you tied up like this to the sink until the police come to pick you up."

"I know that it is not going to be very comfortable lying bound and gagged," Julie continued, "but you gave me no alternative. You made me suffer so much, without cause, and it will do you a lot of good to undergo the same treatment that you were so eager to mete out to one of your helpless victims."



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"I'm going to make you suffer just as much as you and your aids made me suffer when I was in your power. I hope that it will be just as unpleasant to you as it was to me to be tied up in such stringent fashion. As I leave, I will send the police to arrest you and release you from the bondage, and then you will be punished properly by the authorities."

Suiting the action to her words, Julie tightened up some of the ropes that held Madame Orloff to the sink. Donning the Madame's dress and hiding her face, Julie went to the front door.

As she left Madame Orloff's place, she stopped to telephone to the police. Julie hoped that it would be several hours before Sandra discovered Madame Orloff's sad bondage plight. Julie wished that the police would arrive just in time to pick up Madame Orloff and her aides before they could leave the building.

Happily Julie wended her way to the Bureau, glad that all her suffering and misery suffered while on the job obtaining the precious papers, had not been in vain, and she was well rewarded by the Bureau with a good promotion.

THE END

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